The Blue Quill

OCTOBER, 1957

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Queens College

Charlotte, N. C.

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Faculty Adds Members

QUEENS has added a number of new members to its faculty this year. They come from many sections of the country, and their backgrounds include various teaching experiences.

Mr. Herbert E. Babb comes to us from the Milledgeville State Hospital, where he was employed as clinical psychologist. Mr. Babb received his A.B. from Emory University in Atlanta, his M.S. from the University of Kentucky, and expects his Ph.D. from the University of Kentucky sometime next year. He served in the Army for three years, then taught in the Canton, Georgia, public school system. The Liberty Mutual Life Insurance employed him as a claims adjuster before he began his career as a college professor. At the University of Kentucky, Mr. Babb was graduate assistant to the research project, and he served as psychologist at the Lexington, Kentucky, Child Guidance Service. At the V. A. Hospital in Lexington Mr. Babb trained in clinical psychology and was graduate assistant in the University of Kentucky psychology department. Mr. Babb is married and the father of one child.

Mrs. Kathleen Bartlett is the visiting lecturer in geography on the Queens campus. She received both her B.S. and M.S. degrees from the University of Leeds and was the holder of the University Research Scholarship. Mrs. Bartlett's diploma in education is also from the University of Leeds. She is a Fellow of the Geological Society of London and has taught high school geography.

The new professor of education is Dr. Harry L. Brown. Dr. Brown is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, from which institution he received his A.B. degree. Work on his M.A. and Ed.D. was completed at Teachers College, Columbia University. He was a teacher and elementary school principal in the Pinehurst City Schools, Southern Pines City Schools; and in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, at Central Michigan College, Dr. Brown was assistant professor of education. He is married and has one child.

As part-time instructor the economics and accounting department has employed Mrs. Sabra E. (Mrs. James) Griffin. Mrs. Griffin received her B.S. from Winthrop College and was teacher of accounting, shorthand, and typing at the Rock Hill College of Commerce and at the National School of Commerce in Charlotte.

New associate professor of chemistry is Dr. Donald E. Lewis, an alumnus of Abilene Christian College where he received his B.S. degree and of Florida State University, where he received his M.S. He was recipient of a National Science Foundation fellowship and Hyman fellowship in chemistry. Dr. Lewis was lab and research assistant at Abilene Christian College and graduate teaching assistant and research assistant at Florida State University.

Dr. Dougald McD. Monroe, Jr., is now at Queens as professor of English and head of the department of English. Washington and Lee University is Dr. Monroe's alma mater, for he received his A.B. there. His graduate work was done at Northwestern University, where he received both his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. Dr. Monroe held a graduate assistantship in English at Northwestern, was visiting professor of English at Radford College, assistant professor of English at Southwestern in Memphis, and was instructor in English at the University of Kentucky. He comes to Queens from Montreat College, where he was dean and chairman of the English department. Dr. Monroe is married and has two children.

The history department of Queens now includes Dr. Norris W. Preyer. He attended the University of North Carolina, where he received his B.A., and the University of Virginia where he completed the graduate work on his M.A. and Ph.D. Dr. Preyer was at Guilford College as assistant professor of history, a position he had held since 1953. He went to W.C.U.N.C. in Greensboro during the summer of 1956 to serve on the faculty as visiting professor of history. Dr. Preyer and his wife have two children.

Dr. Leo L. Rockwell has joined the Queens faculty as visiting professor of German and comparative literature. Dr. Rockwell attended Bucknell University and received his A.B. there. Work on his M.A. was done at Harvard, and he received his Ph.D. from New York University. He has taught at Bucknell and N. Y. University, was professor of English and director of the Division of Language and Letters at Colgate University, and recently spent six months as visiting professor at the University of Guadalajara in Jalisco, Mexico. Dr. Rockwell is married and the father of three children.

Mr. E. M. Shamsedin has joined the Queens faculty as assistant professor of economics. He is an alumnus of Berea College, where he received his A.B. degree. Mr. Shamsedin received his M.S. from Alabama Polytechnic Institute and expects to complete work on his Ph.D. in February of 1958. He was at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute as research fellow and was graduate assistant and research fellow at the University of Florida. He is married and has one child.

Mr. Bruce R. Thomson comes to Queens as assistant professor of sociology. He received his A.B. from William Jewell College in Liberty, Missouri; his B.D. and Th.M. from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; and his M.A. from the University of Louisville. He expects to receive his Ph.D. in 1958. Mr. Thomson was student pastor for seven years at the Lancaster Baptist Church, Madison, Indiana. He was lecturer at the University of Louisville; principal-teacher at the San Jancinto Public School in North Vernon, Indiana; and part-time instructor at Florida State University. Mr. Thomson is married; he and his wife have one child.

Mrs. Charleen Whisnant is part-time instructor in English and speech at Queens this year. Mrs. Whisnant is an alumna of Meredith College. She received her A.B. there and her M.A. from the University of North Carolina. She has taught English at North Carolina State College.

—S. H.

Interesting Summer Experiences

FRANCE + HOLLAND + SWITZERLAND + MEXICO + NEW YORK + CALIFORNIA

SUMMER vacation provides opportunities—opportunities to study, to travel, to work, to play. Realizing these opportunities and eager to take advantage of them were six Queens students who had varied and interesting experiences. In California, in New York, and even in six foreign countries Queens students studied with persons of different nationalities and faiths, helped with a play camp, and organized Bible Schools in the camps of migrant workers.

Sallie McSwain and Priss Selby, both members of the sophomore class, spent the summer working at the Church of All Nations, a neighborhood house in the lower East Side of New York City, a block off the Bowery and within walking distance of Greenwich Village.

Along with nine other college students from the South, Sallie and Priss served as group leaders for the seven-week summer play school designed to care for children whose mothers find it necessary to work in order to maintain large families. The church, operated under the New York City Department of Welfare and the Methodist Church, also benefits from the Fresh Air Fund whereby many children are sent to private homes in the country near New York City for several weeks.

A typical day at the Church of All Nations began at 10 o'clock when the children arrived ready to start the activities which had been planned for them. Games, stories, projects such as making a farm from pasteboard boxes and modeling clay kept them busy and happy. A rest period and an hour's swim in the indoor pool were on the agenda for the afternoons. On several occasions Priss and Sallie took their groups on trips through Central Park and to nearby lakes.

The children at the day school were from the lowest income bracket families in which as many as ten persons live together in three small rooms. Until very recently few of the dwellings had bathing facilities. Both Sallie and Priss, observing these conditions, say that they were impressed with the eagerness of the parents for their children to have better opportunities than they had had.

The groups were composed mostly of Puerto Ricans, Jews, and Negroes; thus, the interests of the groups were divided. Keeping the boys and girls working at a task was challenging to the leaders. But on the last days of the school, both of the Queens students said that they could see how the children had been helped by their attention and concern for them.

Both Sallie and Priss have many experiences that are very happy to tell. Sallie remembers one special day when Rafael, an individualist and a trouble causer, came up to her with a wrinkled, dirty Christmas card on which was written "I love you teacher." It was signed with his name. Many of the children in their groups still correspond with them. It was a summer never to forget.

On the last day of exams last spring Libby Henderson a senior Queens student, discovered that she too would be in New York City for six weeks during the summer She had been selected by the North Carolina Council o Human Relations and presented a scholarship from tha group to attend the Encampment for Citizenship sponsored by the American Ethical Society. The encampment, th twelfth of its kind, was held at Fieldston School in Riverdale, New York. Represented at the encampment were students from about thirty-eight states and seven foreign countries. White Protestants were by far in the minority

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaking to the group, said that the Encampment for Citizenship was the greatest cross section of young people in the United States. Libby says that this was certainly true. Included in the group were twenty-one American Indians representing five tribes; the had never spent a night off their reservation. Another member of the group was a young boy, formerly a member of a New York gang and now one of the top students in the Harvard School of Law. The countries represented were India, Italy, France, Holland, Puerto Rico, Germany Japan, and the United States. Libby and one other student were the only persons from North Carolina.

Living together in a heterogeneous community, the group made intensive studies on foreign policy in connection with international affairs, the political system of the United States, the meaning of democracy in the light of the present day situation, communism, the slums of the country, and the economy of the United States.

Libby says that the discussions on such topics proved most stimulating and were accompanied by field trips to New York City, which served as a laboratory for the encampment. Once a week the group went into such spots as slums, settlement houses, the stock exchange, and major buildings in the city. At the United Nations Building private lectures were given by Dr. Ralph Bunche and Benjamin Cohen.

Thinking back over her days spent at the encampment Libby says that the most impressive thing is that the encampment is interested in each person there and in his future. This was shown most vividly on the last night of the session. Gilberto, a Puerto Rican boy, who has a great desire to become a chemist and to study at a university and who had for many years taken correspondence courses in chemistry, was presented a scholarship to attend college and thus to fulfill his ambition.

Libby is very much interested in talking to anyone who wishes to know more concerning the encampment and would like to hear some of the unique experiences she received while there.

(Continued on page 9)

Foreign Students Enroll at Queens

WHEN the first day of classes began at Queens on September 18 two students who have transferred here from other colleges sat beside each other in American literature class. This is not an unusual situation except in one respect: both of the girls had crossed an ocean to attend Queens. They are Veronica Chow, who was born in Shangtung, China, and Christiane Rimbault from Montpellier, France.

Vicky, whose real name is Chow Ching Fong, first came to the United States two years ago under the encouragement of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. McLauchin, who are former missionaries to China and are now stationed in Japan. She and her family, which includes three brothers and three sisters, had lived in Shangtung until shortly before the Communists occupied Northern China. Then they moved to Kobe, Japan, where they still reside.

Enrolling as a member of the freshman class at Montreat College, Vicky quickly made many lasting friendships with the girls there and maintained an exceptionally high academic record.

This past summer was an importtant one for Vicky, for then she began considering transferring to a larger school to complete her undergraduate work. The University of North Carolina and Queens were foremost in her considerations; and, luckily for our college family, Vicky chose the latter. "I am so happy I could come to Queens," she says. "The faculty and the students are so kind and friendly and have made me feel a part of the college."

Among the many jobs Vicky held at Montreat during the past two summers was that of teacher. She instructed the outgoing missionaries in the Chinese department of the Language School. She also worked as secretary in various offices at Montreat.

When Vicky is graduated from Queens with the class of 1959 and receives her degree in English, she plans to return to Japan to visit her family. Eventually, she plans to begin her career as an interpreter either in Japan or in the United States. In the meantime, she is busy with her studies here, with her work as a library assistant, and with making friends. The last is no problem—Vicky has already accomplished that in a few short weeks.

Since she was in the sixth grade Christiane has been looking forward to visiting America, and last year she began making definite plans to continue her education at Queens. This yearning to come to the United States stemmed from her father's visit to the Union Theological Seminary at Richmond, Virginia. A professor of theology in the seminary of Montpellier, the oldest university in France, Dr. Rimbault for three months observed the instruction at Union. While he was there he met Dr. James A. Appleby, Beth's father. Beth and Christiane began corresponding with each other; and now, eight years later, they are roommates at Queens.

Christiane, who is eighteen years old and a sophomore here, has been very much impressed with the Christian atmosphere prevalent at Queens. There are no Christian colleges in France. She is also pleased by the co-operation between the faculty and the students. "In France there is a great barrier between them," she says.

VICKY, LEFT, AND CHRISTIANE CHAT IN DIANA'S COURT

In June, Christiane passed her second baccalaureate in philosophy at the Lycee de Montpellier, which corresponds to the second year in most American colleges. Here at Queens she, like Vicky, is concentrating on English, Bible, and history. She has been made unofficial tutor by the girls in Long Dormitory for all matters concerning her country, her people, and especially her language. Christiane is eager for such experiences, for they give her an opportunity to talk about her home and her family.

Christiane arrived in New York City after a ten-day trip across the ocean on a Dutch ship and was met by Beth and her family. Since then, she has readily accepted American ways, even wearing Bermuda shorts. Her classmates reluctantly admit that Christiane has picked up several slang words which, she says, "were not in my English book in France." She has studied English for six years and Italian for almost as long. Christiane's French accent makes her spoken English delightful.

Queens is fortunate to have both China and France represented on the campus. It is the hope of everyone that Vicky and Christiane will enjoy their visit to the United States and their years at Queens.

—G. G.

Campus Movies

Included in the concert-lecture series this year are movies which are to be shown once a month. A new projector and a screen which will be permanently installed in Ninniss Auditorium have been purchased.

The first movie shown on campus was *All the King's Men* on Friday, September 27. Other movies to be shown on campus throughout the year are as follows: *A Song to Remember* starring Paul Muni, Merle Oberon, and Cornel Wilde on October 25; *The Marrying Kind* starring Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray on November 15; *Three Stripes in the Sun* starring Aldo Ray, Phil Cary, and Dick York on December 13; *Three for the Show* starring Betty Grable, Marge and Gower Champion, and Jack Lemmon on January 10; *The Violent Men* starring Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson on February 7; *The Dark Past* starring William Holden, Nina Foch, and Lee J. Cobb on March 7; *Count Three and Pray* starring Van Heflin, Joanne Woodward, and Raymond Burr on April 18.

Shows will begin promptly at 8:15 P.M. in Ninniss Auditorium on the dates given.

—V. A.

Where Are The 1957 Queens Graduates?

THE 1957 graduates of Queens have begun to settle down in their places in the world; however, none of them have strayed too far from the area around Charlotte. There is one exception. Betty McGeachy has gone to England and is now a social worker in London.

Many of the graduates went into the teaching profession. Among those remaining in Charlotte are: Austin Simpson at Hawthorne Junior High School, Martha Stone at Cotswold, Merrill Jennings at Nations Ford Elementary School, Hannah Barron and Jean Brooks at Wilmore. Hannah and Martha are both teaching first grades, Merrill has a fourth grade, and Jean teaches third grade students.

Others employed in public school systems of North Carolina include: Gary Brady, Monroe; Evelyn Christopher, Belmont; Sara Bee Craig, Mecklenburg County; Marie Dowd, Gastonia; Hershal Ayers, Newell; Edith Davis, Wilmington; Margaret Jones Wood (Mrs. Ivan T., III), Davidson; Doris Killian, Paw Creek; Beth Davis, Jonesville; Daisy Lowder, Norwood. Teaching in South Carolina are Kitty Sue Faulconer, who is in Greenville, and Betty Danielsen in Charleston.

There were a number of weddings throughout the summer. Sylvia Johnston became Mrs. John F. Munroe and is now teaching both the third and the fourth grades in Chapel Hill. Mrs. John A. Edwards (Evelyn Copelan) is also teaching in Chapel Hill. Emily Sapp, who is now Mrs. Henry H. Massey, is teaching the fourth grade in Decatur, Georgia. Mrs. J. Daniel Brown (Betty Murchison) holds the position of director of Christian education at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. SuBette Shelby (Mrs. Austin C. Strand) is a DCE also; she is in Mebane, North Carolina. Mrs. William C. McCaskill (Susanne Branch) is living in Charlotte. Deena Matalas became Mrs. Basil C. Michaels in the early fall and is now librarian for the Charlotte Observer. Mary Ann Manning (Mrs. Miles J. Boyer) is teaching in Charlotte; Catherine Baker (Mrs. Clifford M. Deal, Jr.) is teaching in Manhattan, Kansas; and Dixie McEwen (Mrs. Ronald C. Tuton) is teaching in Lumberton. Mrs. Howard C. Barber (Carole Frank) holds a position in the allergy lab of Duke Hospital in Durham. Ann Rogers (Mrs. Robert A. Gaither, Jr.) is teaching in Thomasville, North Carolina, and Mrs. John L. Fesperman (Anna McAlpin) is teaching in Waycross, Georgia.

Several graduates are continuing their schooling. Jo Upchurch and Jeanne Fleming are at the University of North Carolina. Betsy Wilson is attending Assembly's Training School in Richmond. Bob Kelly is a ministerial student at the Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky.

Working as nursing instructors are: Ann Stevens at Presbyterian, Juanita Yarborough at Memorial Hospital in Gastonia, and Betty Williamson at Emory University Hospital. Margaret Marshall Calcote is a medical technician at St. Mary's Memorial Hospital in Knoxville, and Billie Rae Nichols (Mrs. Douglas R. Beard, Jr.) is on the nursing staff of Veterans Administration Hospital in Durham.

Joyce Alexander Sendler (Mrs. Alter W.) has a son. His name is David Alter, and he was born August 23, 1957. Joyce is living in Charlotte.

Mary Miller is director of youth activities in Druid Hills Presbyterian Church in Atlanta. Many are directors of Christian education. Carolyn Heffner is in Jacksonville, Florida. Those in North Carolina are: Sally Heath in Winston-Salem, Lib McLeod in Lincolnton, and Patsy Smith in Laurinburg. Bestelle Powell is a DCE in Camden, South Carolina.

In the business world working as secretaries are Mary Ann Brown, Peggy Lakenan, Frances Ramsey, and Jean Trueworthy. All of these girls are located in Charlotte. Others holding secretarial positions are: Bunny Hershberger, who is in Camden, South Carolina; Sarah Ann Smith, who is working for the John Knox Press in Richmond; Peggy Whittle, with the First & Merchants Bank in Richmond; and Nelda Clements, who is with the Department of Agricultural Economics at North Carolina State College in Raleigh.

Page Myers is a home economist for the Virginia Electric & Power Co. and lives in Fairlee, West Virginia. Margaret Wright is a copyreader in the editorial department of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church in Richmond. June Melvin is manager of a department store in Aberdeen.

The roll of the 1957 graduates has been called. A few of them failed to answer; those who did have shared their activities with the present Queens students. They are followed through life by the alumnae office which keeps a scrapbook on each class. In these scrapbooks there is a page for every Queens College alumna.

—V. A

Alpha Kappa Gamma Convention Here

The Olympic chapter of Alpha Kappa Gamma, leadership fraternity for women, is eagerly anticipating its role as hostess for the convention which is to be held on the Queens College campus November 15, 16, and 17. In addition to the Queens chapter, other schools of the region which have had representatives at recent conventions are Lander College, Greenwood, South Carolina; Columbia College, and the University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina; the College of Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina; and Longwood College, Farmville, Virginia.

A varied, entertaining, and educational program for the weekend will begin Friday night at after-dinner coffee, which will be sponsored by Alpha Kappa Gamma. Immediately following the coffee the guests will be shown the Queens College movie, and at eight o'clock the first formal meeting will begin.

Discussion groups and individual meetings will constitute the Saturday morning schedule. However, free time during the afternoon will give the visitors a chance to shop or see the city of Charlotte. The banquet, the special feature of the convention, will take place Saturday night. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Cumming of Queens English department will be the principal speaker of the evening. The convention will adjourn after breakfast on Sunday morning.

—M. A. C

Class of 1958 Achieves Senior Status

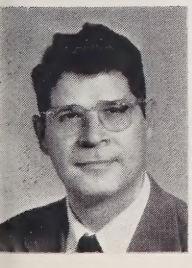
Purposes of Liberal Education Discussed by Stuart D. Currie at Convocation in Belk Chapel

ALTHOUGH the youth of America are streaming into college these days in increasing numbers and percentages, the attainment of the senior rank in membership in the student community still marks no mean achievement. I am, therefore, delighted to have been afforded the opportunity of participating in the recognition of these persons now entering so select and distinguished a company.

It seems appropriate that a portion of this ceremony be given over to the attempt to say something about the aims and the fruits of liberal education in a church-related college.

There are, as I see it, among the aims of liberal education four of cardinal importance. The first of these is to lead the student to the acquisition of a taste for learning. In the effort to describe this aim, one can hardly do better than to quote the words of Woodrow Wilson. Addressing the Cambridge, Massachusetts, chapter of Phi Beta Kappa Society, Wilson said:

> What we should seek to impart in our colleges . . . is not so much learning itself but the spirit of learning. You can impart that to young men; and you can impart it to them in the three or four years at your disposal. It consists in the power to distinguish good reasoning from bad, in the power to digest and interpret evidence, in a habit of catholic observation and a preference for the non-partisan point of view, in an addiction to clear and logical processes of thought and yet an instinctive desire to interpret rather than to stick in the letter of reasoning, in a taste for knowledge and a deep respect for the integrity of the human mind. It is citizenship of the world of knowledge, not ownership of it. Scholars are owners of its varied plots, in severality.



The Rev. Stuart D. Currie, associate professor of Bible and Religion and head of the Department of Bible, Religion and Philosophy.

We cannot, in other words, expect at the end of four short years to emerge from college, like Athena from the brow of Zeus, full grown and fully armed. But we do have the right to expect to come forth sound of mind and member, and with our appetite whetted, our palate trained.

The second aim of liberal education is to cultivate in the student an informed sympathy. There are many things which can be learned only in the school of experience. But the scope of these lessons at first hand is severely limited, nor can the pace at which the courses are run be accelerated by natural aptitude or eager zeal. It is one of the uses of literature that, properly approached, it can furnish us with those vicarious experiences by which we are able to learn what it is to be human. Somewhere on every college campus should stand graven in large letters the words of Terence: "I am a human being, and I consider nothing human foreign to me." Through the medium of the written word we who must in all honesty be reckoned among the fortunate can learn to say with Virgil's Dido, "Acquainted with evil myself, I have learned to help the wretched." By the same means we who are unlikely to have our mettle tried in tragic circumstances can learn to sing as Sophocles sang of Oedipus:

> So stand, not I alone,
> But all, and he,
> Our much tried friend,
> A rock in a wild north sea
> At winter's height,
> Fronting the rude assault
> Of all the billows of adversity
> That break upon his head from every side
> Unceasing—from the setting sun,
> From dayspring, from the blaze of noon,
> And from the pole of night.

Some knowledge of the full dimensions of human existence—an acquaintance with man's capacity for misery and nobility, pathos and tragedy, absurdity, perversity, and sainthood—this is what I mean by that informed sympathy which derives from the study of creative writing.

Along with a taste for learning and an informed sympathy, liberal education is able to afford us a sense of heritage. It is one of the marks of an educated person that he is aware of dimensions of human experience beyond the decades immediately past. The knowledge of history cannot provide the power to turn the propellers of our ship; neither will it suffice to chart our course; yet a people without a sense of heritage is like a boat rudderless in the sea of present events. As Wilson put it,

> Unschooled men have only their habits to remind them of the past, only their desires and their instinctive judgments of what is right to guide them into the future: the college should serve the State as its organ of recollection, its seat of vital memory.

It is the very process of fulfilling these three aims—a taste for learning, an informed sympathy, and a sense of heritage—which at the same time meets the fourth requirement we demand of liberal education. And this is, again in Wilson's words, that the college put the student "in possession of the materials for a systematic criticism of life." Whatever else may be implied in the adjective *liberal* in this connection, its implications include deliverance from uncritical conformity to ephemeral moods and whims of the mass and from rash submission to the promptings of expedience and fear—a deliverance which can be enjoyed only by those who are able to

elect and pursue goods which are rationally defined and dispassionately cherished.

As to the method by which these aims are achieved, let me say just one thing: The chief technique consists in the introduction of the student into a community of intellectual intercourse. It is easy, but false, to equate learning with knowledge; and it is common, but mistaken, to hold that learning comes from books. We ought not to forget that our Lord committed not one page to writing; a list of those philosophers who have left no written remains would include Thales, Pythagoras, Socrates, Epictetus. Even Plato referred to his writings as merely a pleasant amusement. One and all, they placed their reliance in that lively commerce of minds, that incomparable mystery through which alone true learning comes to pass. However many and however true may be the opinions formed in our minds, we never, I believe, feel truly free to spend them in the purchase of the crucial decisions of life until they have been tested in the exchange of the intellectual market, where watered stock and counterfeit coin are most readily detected and summarily rejected. A community of scholars is the only college and the only free market of truth.

Queens stands, however, not only in the tradition of the liberal arts, but in the Christian tradition as well. Properly concerned to maintain the autonomy of reason in the field of learning, many devotees of the liberal arts have sworn allegiance to the flag of learning for learning's sake. Yet this oath will strike the ears of many Christians—and especially those who stand within the Reformed tradition—as essentially selfish and somewhat frivolous. Liberal learning unseasoned with the salt of grace may leave one detached, uncommitted, and aloof: "I despise the common herd and shun it." Constrained by a conviction of God's love and gracious will for all sorts and conditions of men and taught in the school of Christ, men may be both captured and freed for the service of all. It is probably true that the State, as the administrator of justice, can provide the kind of situation in which the greatest good of the greatest number may be consulted; it is surely true that liberal education assists men to perceive what that good is. I believe it incontestably true that the spirit of Christ is the best, if not the only, agency by which men are prompted to devote themselves unreservedly to its implementation.

I congratulate you, the graduating class of 1958, upon your admission to senior status at Queens, and express the wish as I utter the prayer that you may go from Queens as Christian scholars--and as scholarly Christians.

The above is the text of an address delivered on Senior Recognition Day, September 24, by The Reverend Stuart D. Currie, professor of Bible and religion.

The Grandeur of Rome

Betsy Goodykoontz

Rome is the most beautiful, exciting city in the world. It lacks the sophistication of New York, the frivolous gaiety of Paris, and the staid reserve of London. In place of all this, Rome offers a serene beauty and an intensely stimulating reverence for the past.

The first impression of Rome the visitor receives is that of mass confusion. The city is a maze of one-way streets which do not offer the security of marked traffic lanes. The whole city seems to be a conglomeration of racing fists, swarms of pushing, sweaty pedestrians, and bewildered policemen.

You soon forget the traffic situation, however. A map of the city and a guidebook are the real keys to the city of Rome. Armed with these weapons of the tourist, you find your way into the beauty and glory of the past. In the dusty area of the Coliseum you squint through the late afternoon sun at the massive walls. The immensity of the structure becomes increasingly amazing the longer you look at it. What greatness the past held! As you roam about the broken steps and musty corridors of the Coliseum, you begin to drift back into the past. You almost feel that you are a part of the yelling, swaying crowd; and you can almost smell the blood of the martyrs.

You come upon the nobler part of ancient Rome when you stand atop Capitol Hill and view the gleaming white ruins of the heart of Caesar's city. The graceful columns and foundations of what was once the world's most powerful city make you feel small and insignificant. You can visualize the beauty and vitality of ancient Rome. You see the men in their togas going into the senate, and you see the fair maidens going to worship at the temple of the Vestal Virgins. You are inspired with awe and reverence for the past. You wonder why so great a civilization perished, and fleetingly you think of the future of your own country.

Rome is a city of art and treasure. Much of the beauty soon becomes a memory of the intricate marblework of Saint Peter's, of the rich treasure in the Vatican city, of the might and realism of Michelangelo's *Moses,* of Romanesque and Ionic and Doric Columns, and of rich oil paintings. The work of art that moves you the most is Michelangelo's ceiling in the Sistine Chapel. The beauty, the power, and the greatness of this almost superhuman work are breathtaking and awe-inspiring. How could one man create so much that is perfection itself?

Late at night, when your feet are aching and your head is swimming you hear ancient Rome calling to you. You cannot resist going back again to the heart of the past. Wearily you climb Capitol Hill and are rewarded for your journey when suddenly you reach the top and can look out over the remains of the grandeur that was Rome. In the moonlight the slender columns rise gracefully, like gentle silver ghosts begging for burial. You wonder if you are dreaming and half hope that you are.

(Continued on page 16)

Rec Room Regulations

In order that the Queens students get the fullest possible pleasure from the Recreation Room, the Recreation Association, with the approval of both Dr. Edwin R. Walker and Miss Thelma Albright, has developed a plan to have a hostess on duty there at all times from ten o'clock in the morning until fifteen minutes before the final bell every night. It will be closed, however, one afternoon each week and on Sundays, as usual.

Students will sign for one-hour duty each week on a calendar which has been set up. The hostess will supervise the use of all equipment in order to prevent misuse of and damage to the facilities. Only the students and their dates and the faculty may have access to the room.

The Recreation Association encourages students to take advantage of this addition to our campus made possible by Mr. Henderson Belk and hopes that students will take a personal interest in keeping the equipment in good condition.

—S. S.

Interesting Summer Experiences

(Continued from page 4)

Among the cosmopolites of our student body was Blue Calhoun, who, with Mary Miller (Class of 1957), took part in the first Ecumenical Study Group of the World Council of Churches. Blue and Mary, with fifteen other American students of various faiths and backgrounds, spent a week in each of three countries—France, The Netherlands, and Switzerland—during which time they studied some aspect of the countries' cultural, educational, political, or religious structures. These studies were made through lectures, discussions, excursions, and particularly through acquaintance with the students in the countries which they visited.

In France the group lived in a small Protestant town in the southern part of the country where they studied Protestantism and its religious and political influence as an important minority group. Here they joined a large group of French students in fellowship, study, discussion, and worship.

From France, Blue and Mary went with the group to Oud Poulgeest, an ecumenical center near Luden, Holland, where they studied the possibilities of European unity from the viewpoint of the smaller nations. One of the highlights of this period was the study of art as an example of the individualities and unities in the European culture.

After three weeks of independent travel through Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, the two girls arrived in Geneva. Here they studied the city itself as an international, historical, and ecumenical center, visiting the headquarters of the international agencies located there and talking with leaders in the World Council of Churches, the World's Student Christian Federation, the YMCA-YWCA, and the International Red Cross.

For the two Queens members of the study group the summer has provided as much meaning as memory: the imagined world fellowship of Christian students has come closer to realization, and with that association has come a new perspective for looking at present events.

Representing Queens on the West Coast were Peggy Harry and Cathy Hambright. These girls went, under the auspices of the National Council of Churches, to California, where they joined teams of college students in holding Vacation Bible Schools in the camps of migrant workers. Both Peggy and Cathy bring back glowing reports of the beauty of the country they saw both in the United States and Mexico. Most impressive, however, is the story they tell of their work.

Headquarters for the eight teams of workers was Modesta, California. From Modesta the teams covered the migrant camps in the surrounding areas, each team teaching in three camps each day and having recreation and worship for the adults at night. The groups they taught were of widely varied racial background and included Mexicans, Japanese, Filipinos, Negroes, and Americans. Peggy says that because of the deep-seated prejudice between these races, there was virtually no unity in the camps, in spite of the common economic and occupational levels of the people. Added to this was the great sense of insecurity of these transient farmers whose only livelihood depends entirely on the success of the crops. These combined factors were manifested in much instability and dissension in the camps. There were frequent fights and riots; real family life was almost non-existent; there was an extremely high crime rate; and all the camps were marked by poverty and ignorance. The girls found here an immense need for Christian education. Both Cathy and Peggy report that most of these people were eager for instruction in Christian teachings and that the children were especially inspiring in their enthusiastic welcome of the Bible School teachers.

In speaking of their summer experience, these two say little of the hard labor which they must have performed, emphasizing instead the tremendous profit they gained from working for and giving to these displaced Americans.

—G. G. and K. H.

Inquiring Reporter

Jo Holland

Recently the movie versions of many outstanding and well-known books have been produced—not all of these books can be considered great, but they are well-known nevertheless. Notably there have been: War and Peace, Something of Value, Not as a Stranger, The Sun Also Rises, Giant, Around The World in 80 Days, Island in the Sun, Moby Dick—*to name a few. These movies have been well-attended and applauded by the public, but do they do justice to the books—the author's purposes and aims? And if not, then is a just portrayal possible, considering the limitations placed upon movie-production and public wants? Out of interest to see how Queens students feel about this, the question has been asked to five students and one faculty member.*

Mary Brooks Yarborough, Senior:

"I do not think Hollywood handles well the representation of good books. My opinion is based on two arguments —the public's level of educational development and Hollywood's limitation in presenting stimulating entertainment to fit this level.

"The public has been said to be at the eighth-grade level. Of course few eighth-grade minds can tackle the work of a great author with any sort of critically analytical opinion. Background and immaturity prevent this.

"In fitting its presentations to such a level, Hollywood is limited in putting across ideas, mystical experiences, psychological conditions; and the result is a misunderstanding of the actions of characters. An author, however, in his freedom of literature, unhampered by time, can search as much as necessary in any field."

Sallie McSwain, Sophomore:

"I have never seen a movie that actually did justice to a book; it is always a let-down to see a movie after having read the original work. The main point in favor of filming a literary work is to acquaint with the book one who would not otherwise read it and thereby inspire him to read."

Nancy Truluck, Junior:

"I think that movies could very definitely do justice to outstanding books. In the past, however, many movies

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from the quill

THANK YOU, MR. BELK

A large group of Queens students are indeed grateful to Mr. Irwin Belk whose guests we were at the performance of "The Original Black Hills Passion Play" in early October. The play, sponsored by the Central Charlotte Lions Club, was a highly commendable portrayal of the last days of Christ. As *Time* has said, its success "makes it appear that the United States has acquired its own Oberammergau." For our privilege of seeing it we say, "Thank you, Mr. Belk."

—Kathryn Hooks

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

If you are a freshman, stop and ask yourself the question, "Why am I at Queens?" or, better still, "Why am I in college?" If you are an upperclassman and still do not know the answer to either of these questions, you also should direct them to yourself. Do you expect to become an expert technician in your field, to get a degree, to learn all about your major subject, or to establish sound principles and righteous dogma? Your answer may be that you want to get an education. And this is a very sensible answer. But, before you pat yourself on the back, ask yourself what kind of an education you want.

There are many aspects involved in getting an education. When you first came here, for example, you were probably busy getting your room set up and attending meetings, and you had little time to consider the academic side of college life. Then you realized that there was a social side to campus life. You needed friends—friends of both sexes. Another situation with which you had to deal was that of deciding whether or not you wanted to belong to a sorority, and, if so, which one. Meanwhile, you had been attending classes, assemblies, chapel programs, and endless meetings. Most of these activities are necessary and important in obtaining your college education.

But something basic seems to be missing. Although all these routines have importance in themselves, they seem to lack the unity that is essential in achieving any goals that you may have. Will these activities make you a better person—one who can be content, constructive, mature, and one who can understand his relationship in the world? There seems to be more to higher education than learning to adjust or learning enough facts to make average or even good grades. We are not in college merely to be entertained, informed, or reformed. We are here to learn something far more important.

We are not here to settle our minds but to unsettle them, to broaden our horizons, to inflame our intellects. In short, we are here to learn to think. Unless we learn this basic principle, the bulk of our time, money, and effort is wasted. If we intend to rely only on the facts that we have memorized—or even learned—to carry us through life, we might just as well pack up and go home now. Getting a college degree is not the end of our education; it is only the beginning. If the facts are to be of any value to us, we must learn how to interpret them, weigh them, and utilize them. Interpretation and judgment cannot be learned from textbooks or forced on us by any professor. They can only come from within ourselves. Robert Hutchins, former president of the University of Chicago, has said that the purpose of higher education is to teach students to think straight, if possible, but to think always for themselves.

So, whether you are just beginning your college life or almost completing it, consider the importance of *why*.

—Stella Dross

IN MEMORIAM

DAVID OVENS

Trustee of Queens College—donor of Ovens Physical Education Building—donor of the Ovens Scholarship—friend—counselor—critic—inspiring leader. Literally, in the last hour of his life he was working for Queens College.

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

Too Much, Too Soon, by Diana Barrymore. Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1957. $3.95.

Many people have had "too much, too soon" and have been able to live moral, stable lives. But as Diana Barrymore revealed on the Mike Wallace interview, she had neither seen around her nor did she possess within her this required stability.

Miss Barrymore has written her story as a sort of psychotherapeutic treatment for herself—"Perhaps in the telling I will come to some belated understanding of myself," she writes.

Born the daughter of John Barrymore, stage idol, and Michael Strange, poet, Miss Barrymore was the child of a dynamic and temperamental couple. She soon came to realize that she had inherited this passionate temperament. As she reveals, "It wasn't long before the violent clashes of temperament between Mother and Daddy turned the Ninety-seventh Street house into something out of a Russian novel . . . each insisted on being the only focus of attention in the home, on the street, or at parties."

Miss Barrymore feels she has led three lives—that of a girl who became the "*infant terrible* of Cholly Knickerbocker and El Morocco and Princeton weekends . . . that of the young actress on Broadway and in Hollywood who tried desperately to live up to a fabulous name in a world bounded by her father's escapades and her own confusion; and that life since that needs the combined talents of a Tennessee Williams and a Dostoevski to explain, and the wisdom and compassion of a St. Augustine to forgive."

It has taken Diana Barrymore many years to realize that the only way to understand her life completely is to search it out from the beginning so that she might know why "that little girl who had everything—name, breeding, talent, opportunity after opportunity . . . seems to have done her best to throw it away."

—Mary Brooks Yarborough

THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV

The Short Reign of Pippin IV, by John Steinbeck. The Viking Press, New York, 1957. $3.00.

The Short Reign of Pippin IV is a complete change from the usual Steinbeck. If the reader is expecting another *Grapes of Wrath,* he will be disappointed. This latest Steinbeck masterpiece is a humorous, satirical novel in which the author tells a story of the reversal of the French Revolution. The style of writing is light and so filled with fun that the reader will often find himself bursting out with laughter at the almost truths.

Pippin Héristal is an ordinary middle-aged Frenchman who lives off the income of a small vineyard. He is interested in astronomy, and once he even discovered a comet. His life with Marie, his wife, and Clotilde, his stage-struck daughter, is relatively happy until the leaders of France decide to restore the monarchy. Unable to decide on the correct lineage of the monarchy, the leaders go back to the line of Charlemagne; and thus Pippin is chosen to rule France. The coronation is a burlesque with Miss France as Joan of Arc. Then Pippin and his family move to the drafty old Palace of Versailles. Soon afterward Clotilde falls in love with an American who is the son of an egg tycoon.

The latter part of the novel is hilarious in its representation of the king dressed in a crash helmet and corduroy pants riding around the countryside looking for ways to become a real king instead of a "patsy." The climax comes when Pippin tries to assert his power as king. Then *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* ends.

Steinbeck satirizes the French government, American industrialism, and many other phases of modern life in this delightful novel. The reader will probably enjoy the novel because it is such a pleasant change from the usual reading.

—Harriett Lipford

MORE THURBER

The Wonderful O, by James Thurber. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1957. $3.50. Illustrated.

A group of people stood looking at the magnificent marble statue, a monument to the letter O. None in the small gathering could remember the significance of it except that it had "a curious and wondrous history."

In a slim volume that is less than a fairy tale yet more than a satire, Thurber tells the story that lies behind the statue in Ooroo.

When two treasure-seekers invaded the island many years before, Ooroo lost its O's and became R. Black, one of the pirates, had begun to hate the letter O when his mother had become stuck in a porthole and had to be pushed out rather than be pulled back to safety. Through the years his antipathy had increased, and he had even named his ship *Aieu,* a word that contained every vowel except O. In his search for some jewels that were supposed to be hidden on the island, he found that every place he looked had an O in its name—closets, cupboards, woods, and meadows. "I'll get rid of O, in upper case and lower," he cried. And he did.

The face of R was transfrmed and slemn. All musical instruments, animals, materials, fruits, and flowers that contained an O were destroyed. O disappeared from the language, and the speech of the people was reduced to a system of unintelligible muttering.

Under the leadership of a poet, Andreus, and his true love, Andrea, the people of the island agreed to remember four words that contained an O. Love, hope, and valor were three. The fourth, the wonderful O, remained to be discovered. The search for it is really the point of the whole book.

As he has done in all of his books that lean toward the Never Never Land, Thurber has produced a story that is as philosophical and charming as it is amusing. In fact, it is safe to say that the author has not only done it again but he has done it better than ever. Certainly *The Wonderful O* is more compact and sustained than *The Thirteen Clocks;* it makes its point as well as any of the fables; and its vocabulary is Thurber at his most poetic. It is a story that lends credence to this statement by Gilbert Seldes:

He has a sense of the wildly incredible things that happen to hu-

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Browsing . . .

THE MISTAKE

KATHRYN WOODS

MR. FRANKLIN was in a hurry. He was always in a hurry. That seemed to be the thing expected of the man who was president of a company as large as Mr. Franklin's. His secretary handed him his hat and coat as he came from his inner office and gave him her most cheerful smile. She didn't seem to mind the fact that Mr. Franklin didn't return her cheerful good-bye and that he slammed the office door behind him. "Poor man," she thought sympathetically, "so young in looks, and yet so old—and so alone!"

Outside, the almost deserted streets were rapidly becoming empty as dusk settled over the city. Bright lights began to flash from the signs of the tall offices and department stores. A low, sleek car was parked next to the curb, its motor purring idly. A smartly dressed doorman stood nearby, and he snapped to attention as a tall figure approached the front exit of the most important-looking building on the street. "Oh, good evening, Mr. Franklin. How're you feeling, Mr. Franklin? Sure is a pretty car you've got there, Mr. Franklin." The tall figure managed a slight reply, got into the waiting car, and drove away.

While driving, Mr. Franklin watched the buildings and the telephone poles flash by; yet he was not really conscious of anything except a dull ache in his head. Soon the car and its driver were in open country. Only rolling hills could be seen spreading away from each side of the ribbon of black highway. As he drove along, a jumble of thoughts began to run through his head. "I'll have to hurry to make that board of directors' meeting." This thought had been in Mr. Franklin's mind since he left his office. "I suppose I should go home for supper. Maybe I could have a nice, cozy chat with Cynthia, but . . . poor Cynthia. I guess I should blame myself for the way she is." He thought with some misgivings of his beautiful, fiery-tempered, and somewhat spoiled seventeen-year-old daughter—his only child. He had stood as the symbol of both mother and father to her since his lovely wife had died four years ago, and yet he and Cynthia had never gotten to know each other well at all. In fact, they had never been able to feel comfortable around each other. And it was almost time for her to go away to college! "If I just weren't so busy," he thought. "Cynthia's too head-strong, too sophisticated for her age. And that crowd she's running around with! They're much too old for her. Why, I believe it was just yesterday that J. P. was telling me that he heard those boys and girls had been doing a lot of heavy drinking at parties. Well, one of these days I'll have to have a talk with Cynthia, no matter how hard it is. I can't have the Franklin name getting a bad reputation! If I only had time to be home once in a while."

As he drove along, he recalled a rather typical incident that had happened only a few weeks ago. He had been sitting in the quiet study of his lavish suburban home working on some papers. Everything was quiet except for the ticking of a clock which showed that midnight was only a few seconds away. He heard the front door slam. He looked up. "Cynthia?" he called. "Cynthia, is that you? Come in here!"

"What do you want, Daddy?" asked the languid voice of the tall girl as she strolled to the door of his study. One hand held a pair of high-heeled shoes. The other hand toyed with a curl of her wind-blown hair. She gave him a half-smile and almost turned to go.

"Isn't it kind of late for you to be coming in?" said her father, trying to sound paternal. "You've been out every night this week, haven't you?"

"I'm surprised you noticed!" she retorted quickly. "I'm usually home before you are."

"Nonsense, Cynthia," Mr. Franklin said. "You know I'm a very busy man. I have a lot of work to do. And you're only seventeen, or is it eighteen? Anyway, you shouldn't be out so late. A girl your age ought to stay at home more."

"Humph!" was Cynthia's first reaction to such seldom-delivered advice. "Well, I don't like to stay home. There's never anyone here or anything to do."

"Well, have a party or something. Invite your friends over. Tell you what: I'll take an afternoon off pretty soon, and I'll drive you and anyone else you want to invite up to that new steak house in Lockwood for supper. How does that sound?"

"I don't believe you. Anyway, I'm not sure I want to. I'd feel funny going somewhere like that with my father! Thanks, anyway." With this Cynthia turned and left the room. Mr. Franklin sighed. He didn't think she really meant what she'd said. He'd find time to do something for her soon. He firmly resolved this to himself.

The wail of an approaching siren snapped Mr. Franklin from his reverie. As he looked in the rear-view mirror, he cursed silently and put his foot reluctantly on the brakes. "I'll never make that meeting," he told himself. He pulled to the side of the road, and an ambulance went by. "Thank goodness that wasn't a cop! I know I was speeding." But the absence of policemen didn't solve his problem, for the ambulance pulled to a stop only several hundred yards in front of his car. Mr. Franklin drove slowly forward and prepared to pass the ambulance, which was now parked on the edge of the highway. As he glanced to the side of the road, he saw a sight that made his stomach turn. Down a steep embankment was the smoking wreckage of what must have been a car.

"Hey, mister!" yelled the ambulance driver, "could you spare a few minutes? There's been a pretty bad wreck, and I'll need some help until the others get here." Mr. Franklin's first reaction was to step on the gas and get away from the ugly scene as fast as possible. But something inside of him gave him a slightly guilty feeling at the thought of leaving at the expense of maybe saving another's life. He climbed from the car and scrambled down the side of the bank.

"This way, mister," said the grateful attendant. "There was four or five of 'em in this car, looks like. I'm afraid there's not much hope for any of them."

Mr. Franklin followed the man over to the car. It lay upside down. Glass was scattered everywhere, and one body had been flung clear of the wreck and lay still and lifeless. Mr. Franklin stayed for the next few minutes, helping to pull the mangled bodies from the wreckage.

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THE FLIGHT OF STILLNESS

Sylvia McKenzie

It was neither day nor night. There was only that cool quietness that comes with the hours before dawn. Inside the train the few passengers slept. So accustomed had they become to the constant roar of the engine that now it was merely a murmur by which they were lulled to sleep. Their relaxed bodies swayed with the motion of the train as it followed the track through the still, flat countryside.

Slowly the greyness began to take form. There was a house on the left. Trees were barely discernible against the horizon. In the distance the street lights of a small town shone hazily. There was nothing which moved. As far as the eye could see, there was no sign of life. The world slept; the speeding train went on its way.

This was that mysterious hour when the moon with its cold beauty comes face to face with the sun and its potential hotness. How strange it is to see both the moon and the sun in the sky! As the brightness and heat of the sun grow, the moon gradually fades from sight. Day is taking the place of night; coolness is giving way to heat. The stillness is soon to be broken.

Lights appeared suddenly like bright specks in the greyness. One was here; another was there. A few cars backed out of driveways and moved slowly down the streets. The train sped through the town; its passengers slept on.

With the first rays of the sun, the conductor turned off the night lights and awakened a man near the front of the car.

"It's five o'clock, sir. We'll be coming into Mobile in fifteen minutes."

Other passengers began to stir. Shades were let up, and seats were adjusted to sitting positions. Some persons still slept. Those who had awakened were not rested. Their clothes were wrinkled; their faces and hands were grimy. Night, however, was over.

For some, the day meant home, family, and friends. For others, the day meant more waiting, more riding, more dust and grit. The stop in Mobile meant journey's end to some. It was coffee and toast to one, and to another it was just a chance to walk around. For all of them the stillness was over.

A brightly beaming sun greeted the passengers in Mobile. The air was not still air, but air filled with activity and the sounds of life. The world, too, was in motion again.

There in the station the train panted as if eager to rest after its terrific flight. It had used all of its strength and power to bring its sleeping passengers through the stillness of the night, and now in the noise and confusion of the morning came its turn to stand still.

MEDITATION

Sarah Carpenter

I watched —
A lonely bird crossed the cold, cloudy sky;
The wind swept softly in the grass.
A shroud of darkness lay upon the mountain,
While a desolate pine
Lifted its arms in its solitary watch.
The world and I were sad.

I watched —
The bird was welcomed by his master;
The grass whispered comfort to the wind.
The limbs of the tree were lifted in prayer.
The sun kissed the mountain and painted the clouds with happiness.
The world was not sad—
It was only I.

THE DEEPNESS OF THE NIGHT

Roxana Mebane

The deepness of the night
Has receded into space,
Leaving the stars
Suspended near the earth;
And in the stillness
I could ring them with my touch
If I but dared.

Inquiring Reporter

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have changed the plot and characters a great deal in order to give the movie more box-office appeal."

Ann McCutchen, Freshman:

"No, I don't think they do justice to some of them. They always differ in some way from what the author wrote and I think the book is always better. But even though they don't always do the book justice, most of them are still worth seeing."

Dr. Norris Preyer, Professor of History:

"I feel that no pictorial medium can do justice to an outstanding novel principally because it does not have time enough (even in a four-hour film like *War and Peace*) to develop the subtleties of a person's character or all the implications of a plot. As a result everything is pictured in black and white—even in technicolor films.

"Movies do best when dealing with subjects requiring no use of the cerebrum. Musicals, Westerns, or visual and vocal fantasies like *The Red Shoes* seem more suited to the medium."

Lance Alston, Freshman:

"Can Hollywood do justice to books? Can actors portray the feelings and emotions that an author puts into his novel? I say, 'No!' Rarely is it possible for Hollywood to recapture fully and to produce on screen the sensation that one feels while reading a good book! However, I do not feel that the film-version production of good books should be stopped, because this is what a great majority of the public wants."

THE LAST RAY

Mary Allred

I'M NOT a bad man. I want to do things right. Oh, how much I want to do right! If just once, *once*, people would help me, give me a chance, I could get on my feet again. I could go back and start all over. I could get out of this cold darkness and back into the warmth and light. But I can't do it alone; I'm past the point of being able to do it by myself. I've got to have help now, and I've got to have it soon. Every wrong step is taking me farther and farther into this blackness: I know it; yet I can't stop myself. One more step down, and I'll be lost for good—somehow I *feel* that. Somebody or something, help me!

I'm hungry. O God, I'm so hungry. And I can't find anything in this forsaken countryside; there's not a house in sight—hasn't been for hours. If I could only have gotten some work, I wouldn't be out here now. Good honest work, that's what I want. I'm still strong, and I had an education once. But it's a vicious circle. People won't ever take chances with such unlikely looking prospects as I must be. But I can't improve myself now, can't make up for my mistakes, unless somebody *will* take a chance.

A house! Yes, that's a house up there, a big house with lights on in it. Maybe—no, I know better than to ask for work. I've tried it too many times. I'll just walk around and find out where the kitchen is. But no! Don't let me steal! That will be the final step down. But I've *got* to have food, I tell you. Here's the kitchen, right inside this window. Bright and shiny . . . a warm fire . . . . The family that lives here *might* be a good one; they might help me. But why should I think they would? No one ever has. God, what a horrible feeling this is—knowing I'm slipping lower and lower, *wanting* to stop, not able to. Why can't I make a move in the right direction? Why? What is this evil thing that is holding me back? Still . . . to keep on like I am would be so much easier. It takes no effort to languish in this ruin. I can drink, wander—even steal if I once steal tonight—until I die, without half trying. Maybe the best way after all is through some dark window later on. Yes, I was mad to think of anything else.

But that light—that warmth inside there—it's calling me. . . . I've made the rounds of the whole area now. There's uncut wood waiting for an ax; there's an unplowed field, and the fence around the pasture is broken. There's plenty of work here—it would be a start at least back into the kind of life I used to have—a warm, respectable life. The light in that window, that unfinished work—it all gives me a feeling, yes a *good* feeling. To have hard, honest work in my hands again, to crawl up out of the dark . . . . Oh, heaven above, what a feeling I have—*hope* inside me again! All the other times I've tried there's never really been hope. This time is so different; this time the light is in sight, in reach! I see a man and a woman in the kitchen now. I wonder if I slipped up close and took care to stay in the shadows, if I could hear what they are saying.

"Martha, I'm at my wit's end. I can't find any help anywhere, and I've scoured the neighborhood. There's no way out of that business trip to New York, and all that wood has to be cut and cut soon. If the fence isn't mended, heaven only knows what will happen to the cattle. And to top everything, the fields *have* to be plowed for planting before the spring rains begin. Just my luck to be in such a hell of a situation!"

"Jim, honey, how many times have I tried to tell you not to get so worked up? I know these things are important, but they're nothing to make such a fuss over. Your bank job is more important, anyway, especially since you got that big raise last year. Just calm down, now. Something will work out. It always does."

Am I hearing things? No, I'm wide awake; this is all real! At last—oh, the joy is too great—I'm going to break this vicious circle and start all over. I've knocked at the back door now, and I'm waiting.

"Well? Is there something I can do for you? You want food or money, I suppose."

"No sir. The truth is, sir, I-I-" (Oh, God, where is my voice? Why can't I stop this violent trembling? There's so *much* at stake!) "I'm wondering, sir, if you have *any* work, any work at-at all which I could d-d-do for pay. I'm willing to do anything; I'm-I'm strong and—"

"I'm sorry. There's nothing to be done here. Besides, you beggars are all alike; you ask for work when the only thing you want is a handout. Wait a minute—here, here's a sandwich and a buck. No, don't ask for anything else; that's all you going to get. Now, beat it."

"Oh, just some tramp, Martha. I know, but you can't trust that type of man. They'll strip the very shirt off your back. And you never can tell—he might have been some criminal; he looked enough like one. Drunk, too—he had a funny glaze of light over his eyes, not to mention the fact that he couldn't talk plain and was shaking all over. Why, I did more than my share just giving him food. Now why in the devil couldn't it have been somebody who was *really* looking for work?

Light . . . right at fingertips . . . gone now . . . Something wet on my face, like rain . . . blackness—everywhere.

THE WORSHIPPERS

Laura Prince

They are writing letters in defiance of the song;
And above the murmurs of the crowd,
I hear the sound of tainted penny thrown in jest,
Collecting laughs from each false face.
The sordid ends of jokes reveal to me
Detested reverence slain by open eyes;
This leaves the prayer unfelt, unheard,
While the lamb flees—vanished in mirth.

THE MISTAKE

(Continued from page 13)

The attendant covered each one with a sheet, and Mr. Franklin helped the men place the bodies in the waiting ambulances.

The man sighed slowly. "Too bad, this wreck. They happen all the time, though. People are always in too big of a hurry. I guess this car was doin' about eighty-five miles an hour when they missed that curve. Don't see why they want to go so fast nowadays. It takes the joy out of life, rushing around everywhere, don't you think so, mister?"

"Yes, I suppose it does. But I'm in a rather big hurry myself. I've got to get to a meeting. It's too bad about this wreck. I don't see how you'll ever identify those mangled bodies."

"Well, we'll attend to that. Thanks for your help. Maybe you'd better leave while the cops are still holding back the crowd. Hope you get to your meetin' on time."

Mr. Franklin headed back toward his car. The full horror of what had just taken place—the loss of four human lives—began to creep over him as he saw the line of cars, the worried crowd, the departing ambulances. He glanced down at his watch. Nine o'clock. He was over an hour late. An idea began to form in his mind.

"I don't want to go to that meeting," he told himself. "They don't really need me tonight. I could go on home early, and maybe Cynthia and I could watch television for a while. What good is it doing me to rush from one place to another? I don't need to make more money. What I need to do is relax some and get to know my daughter better. Come to think of it, I'm pretty fond of that little rascal. She looks a lot like her mother used to look."

Mr. Franklin hummed a little tune as he turned around and headed his expensive car in the direction of home. Approaching his driveway, he noticed the other houses. Lights shone from their friendly windows. "I'll bet no man in this whole town's got a daughter as pretty as my Cynthia. But I suppose everybody feels that way about an only child." He parked the car and almost ran into the house. "Cynthia!" he called. "O Cynthia!" There was no answer.

The maid came from the kitchen where she had been fixing a snack for Mr. Franklin. "Sho' didn't think you'd be home so early, suh," she said. "Cynthia ain't here. She's been out a good while now. We'd sho' had things fixed up if we'd knowed you was coming home!"

"Well, where is she, Mattie? Don't you know?"

The ringing of a telephone interrupted Mr. Franklin's questions. "I'll get it," he offered. "It's probably those men on the board of directors wondering why I never got to their silly meeting!"

"Is this the residence of J. G. Franklin?" asked the crisp voice on the other end of the wire.

"Yes, it is. This is Franklin speaking."

"Well, this is Patrolman Hines, sir. I hate to be the one to tell you this, sir, but there's been a pretty bad wreck a few miles from your home. Four kids killed. I think you'd better come on down to the station. One of 'em's been identified as your daughter."

The voice of the cheerful maid drifted from the direction of the kitchen. "Have a seat by the fire, Mr. Franklin. I'll have a nice snack fixed for you, and then Cynthia'll be here soon, I know. Sho' will be nice to have you both home tonight. It sho' will!"

More Thurber

(Continued from page 12)

man beings who think all the time that they are acting with the greatest prudence and common sense. He has you hypnotized. You believe that people are really like the people he writes about. And looking back on it, you see no reason to change your mind. They are.

—Sharlene Morris

The Grandeur of Rome

(Continued from page 8)

Slowly you stroll down the broad avenue toward the Coliseum when suddenly, on the sweet night air, you hear the lovely strains of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet Overture*. Now you are sure that you are dreaming a wonderful dream sent from heaven. Then you came upon the source of the music. In the grassy, moldy ruins of an old basilica an outdoor concert is being held. Thrilled by the sudden emotion and beauty of the experience, you stand silently and listen. Then you notice the scores of people standing in the street, and you see that they are all listening intently to the orchestra. The people are all Italians of the poor laboring class, but they love great music so much that they will stand in the street to hear it. To see such appreciation of beauty gives you a warm and tender feeling for all men everywhere

The most interesting thing about Rome is that, in spite of its rich heritage, it is not too steeped in reverence for the past. For modern Romans, life must go on. Rome is a city of luxurious shops, modern buildings, and sleek, modern automobiles. It is a clean city. Its people are real people with all the cares and joys of common humanity. Within a short distance of the Coliseum you may see an obese Roman Catholic priest lustily attacing a mound of steaming spaghetti. Outside the gates of the Vatican city a huckster will try to sell you an American Parker pen for five dollars.

Rome is an appealing place for many reasons. The dignity of her past, the beauty of her treasures, and the carefree, passionate nature of her people combine to make "The Eternal City" the most wonderful city in the world. Once you have visited Rome, she will call to you ever after. Anytime, anywhere, you may feel a sudden yearning to go back to her. And you know that someday you will go back to catch your breath before her art and to worship before her white columns in the moonlight.

THE ENDING OF DAY

ELEANOR BOWIE

In twilight's stillness
Silence so serene—
Tiptoes
to
the
earth
Where fireflies blink their lights of yellow
In sunlight's dusk.
Now
and
then
A whippoorwill breathes its lonely sigh.
Smoky clouds, in hazy splendor,
Along
their
skyways
float.
Air moves gently in the leaves,
And smells of grass and dirt.

Somewhere
in
sky's
heaven
A twinkling is astir.
Evening star emerges
From
beneath
her
veil
of
day.

"Night," she calls, "come, thy presence to
bring
forth."

Night hears.
He trembles.
Day is done.

TASTES OF ANGUISH

SARAH CARPENTER

What do you know of anguish,
Who tries to comfort me?
Your words could never dry my tears,
Or erase my memory.

Has your heart ever been wrenched
So rudely from your breast?
Have your dreams ever been haunted
And your mind denied its rest?

Cease all this foolish babbling;
Don't waste your useless breath;
You've never lost a lover;
You've never tasted death.

GHOST IN THE NIGHT

MARY ALLRED

Hand in hand we walked,
Heart to heart we talked.
Above, the moon's smiling beams
Shed benedictions on our dreams.
But . . .
Hand dropped hand as we walked,
Heart lost heart as we talked.
The moon was hid in a cloud;
Dark wrapped his heavy shroud

'Round the hopes and dreams that were dead.

My heart ached with fathomless dread
When I looked at the road ahead
That now must be walked alone.
My eyes closed as a teardrop fell.
I turned for one last farewell—
But like a ghost in the night
You had vanished,
And were gone.

AUTUMN EARTH

Mary Allred

In tantalizing detail
Every object stood—
Every boll of cotton,
Each treetop in the wood,
Every useless cornstalk,
Dry and brown and dead,
Every curling leaf
The weary trees had shed.
In mingled confusion
Sounds fell on my ear—
The swing of the fall wind,
The birds' songs clear,
The rustle of the fallen leaves,
Happy children's cries,
Laughter from the carefree,
And from the troubled, sighs.
In clarity and beauty
I saw the flaming earth
And heard the autumn voices
That lent their joy and worth.
In awe and open reverence
I saw a Maker there
And felt a mighty presence
In the autumn everywhere.

keep your

eye on

for

significant

fashion news

Spirit of the Day

Amelia Alexander

"OH, MOTHER, why must I take this silly food basket to that poor family?" Hannah wailed. "I'm going to be late for the best football game of the year—we're playing against Madison High today, and they're our biggest rivals. If I don't go right now to get a seat, I'll have to stand up!"

Hannah stopped complaining long enough to select the largest apple from the fruit bowl. She bit into it, chewed thoughtfully, and after swallowing, said, "I don't care if it is Thanksgiving! People forget about the poor all year long. Then they suddenly remember it's nice to be nice to them just when it's time for the most important game of all; this one will decide who will be the conference champions."

"Hannah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," her mother commented softly. "You have so much, you wouldn't know what it would be like not to have everything you wanted. It will only take a few minutes, and you won't miss any of the game. You can get someone to save you a seat. Just go on now and quit arguing."

Hannah grabbed up the basket and stamped out the back door, muttering to herself. "Why am I always the one who must do these things? It just isn't fair."

She hopped into the new automobile, slammed the door, and sat there fuming a few moments before she started the engine. After making a great noise racing the motor and grinding the gears, she backed into the street from the driveway. (The noise was for her mother's benefit.) Then she started forward so fast that the tires screeched.

Hannah was still angry when she passed by the stadium. Cars were parked everywhere so that she could hardly drive between them. She could hear the band playing and the roar of an excited crowd of fans. She tried to ignore the scene and drove on. As soon as she got past the traffic jam, she sped up again.

"I don't care if I do get a ticket," she thought. "I'll never get to the game on time anyway, all because of that stupid family who can't afford to have a decent meal on Thanksgiving." Hannah knew a great deal about needy people—hadn't she read many stories about them when she was little? They were so happy, poor people. They were useless, ignorant, and a nuisance; but they were always happy.

Hannah rolled the window down on her left side. Quickly she raised it again. The cold air had turned colder, and the icy wind rushed in and chilled her all over. For a moment she forgot her worries as she glanced at the sky. "Oh, what a perfect Thanksgiving Day!" she exclaimed. "It's bound to snow before the game is over, and Steve will have his usual sledding party on the golf course tonight. This is going to be the best Thanksgiving I ever spent." Her smile turned quickly into a frown. "—Not unless I hurry up and get rid of this basket, though."

By now Hannah had come to the part of town which her crowd called Shantytown. She had not been here very often, and she had never paid any attention to it. Dirty little plywood houses, rubbish, soot, and children were everywhere. The little ragamuffins stared at the shiny car as it made its way down the narrow streets which kept getting narrower.

"I wish I'd brought somebody with me," she thought. "Never can tell what could happen to me in this horrid place; I might get held up or something! And all these dogs—they're likely to bite somebody. They ought to be shot."

Hannah hated the filth, the houses, the children, the whole scene. She was beginning to get scared. "I've got to get out of here," she thought. "Let me see: where is that house I'm taking this stuff to? Oh, that must be it," she answered herself, spying a building which fitted her mother's description.

She pulled up in front of the house and stopped. There was no driveway and hardly enough room for another car to pass. She got out of the car, shuddered, picked up the basket, and walked to the door. As she knocked, she decided that it was getting even colder, and she buttoned up her coat. A small boy with big, sad eyes opened the door. He stared up at her and said nothing.

"May I come in?" she asked. Hannah walked in hesitatingly, closed the door, and looked around. It was so dark her eyes had to focus before she could see what was in the room. She realized that there were only a few pieces of battered furniture. It felt colder than it had felt outside. The darkness and the emptiness scared her, and she decided she had better leave.

"Who's there?" a soft voice called. Hannah turned around, not sure she had even heard a voice. Again, "Who is it?" Hannah cautiously walked toward the door through which the little boy had run. She went into the next room and was taken aback by the sight of a woman lying on a mattress on the floor. She must not have been over thirty, but she looked fifty. Her face had deep lines in it, signs of years of work and hardships. She looked ill, very ill; and she had but one blanket on her. The little boy who had opened the door stood beside her with his finger on his mouth, still staring.

"Wh-wh-what's wrong with you?" Hannah blurted out. "Where is your fire?"

"We don't have no fire," the woman said. "We ain't got no kivver neither, except what's on him." She glanced over to her side. "He's sick, too."

It was then Hannah saw the baby, the tiniest baby she had ever seen. It looked very sick; it didn't move. Before she could say anything, the woman went on, "My husband's

(Continued on page 22)

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DIETERS

Sharlene Morris

A goodly portion of the world today is populated by dieters—people who wish to become their smaller selves. I know quite a few of these people. They parade among society with their generous-sized frames draped in deceptive grays and stripes and excuse themselves before refreshment time to consult diet charts to help their faulty mathematics in calculating their curbed calories. With righteous looks and pity-evoking comments in self-deprivation, they refuse salty nuts and cream-topped desserts and partake of quantities of steaming black, unsweetened coffee.

My sympathy is always extended to these martyr-like gourmets. They are victims of circumstance, beings whose thread was spun by an ill fate in the wrong century. I have an almost overpowering desire to remind these round-faced friends that their surplus circumferences would have been an asset in other times—that history has been studded with well-liked persons of mountainous dimensions, that literature has exalted them. But since this would mean little to these people who are envious of their more compactly constructed friends, I say nothing. The dieters I know will go through life being dieters. I do not mean to imply that my food-forsaking friends are intrinsically different from my self-indulging ones. Indeed, their primary difference is one of an approach. To one a chocolate is a tempting forbidden tidbit of exact mathematical proportions. To the other it is merely something good to eat. And the consumption of it becomes a matter of conscience.

I am always puzzled when a corpulent friend says, "I eat like a bird," or, "I practically starve myself." It is a respect for the logic of cause-and-effect relationships that makes me skeptical, not the impact of the statements themselves. Whenever I see an expanding individual, I feel sure that a seven-course explanation must lurk beneath their increase. Usually I am right. At the dinner table she says a convincing "No, thank you" to the choicest of dishes; but at midnight this dinnertable Stoic indulges in Epicurean delights that make her problem a larger one. Her momentary pleasure becomes tomorrow's pound.

Among my acquaintances is also that paragon of self-control who can look upon rich desserts and is never shaken. In restaurants she unfailingly requests that the waiter bring her a clear soup. Through her self-enforced starvation her size decreases, but so does her sense of humor. She is not so easy to live with as her sister whose weight is more stationary, even though she is exceedingly proud of her diminution.

The dieters—the lettuce-eaters of society,—the waist pinchers,—the pill consumers—these form the bulk of the population.

"See? There's plenty of room once you get inside."

Spirit of The Day

(Continued from page 19)

out looking fer a job. He got laid off from the mill more'n a month ago. That's why the baby ain't got no milk. He's the one I'm worried about."

"I–I brought you some food–" Hannah said. Then she felt stupid again. There was nothing for a baby in the basket.

"Thank you; you're a blessing from God," said the woman. Then she continued, "I guess it's because we ain't none of us had much to eat that we're sick. Johnny here," she nodded toward the boy sucking his finger, "and Melinda and Dorothy, my girls, they get nice food down to the school house, though."

"That's very nice," Hannah managed to answer.

"Before you go, would you mind reading a little to me out of the Holy Book? This is Thanksgiving, and I can't read."

Hannah walked over to the shelf and picked up the tattered book.

"–Read from *Matthew*," she said. "That's my favorite book."

Hannah fumbled her way through the pages and finally found *Matthew*. She began reading:

> And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:
> And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying:
> Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
> Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
> Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
> Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled–

Hannah paused. "Is that enough?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, thank you. See, Johnny, we have many blessings to be thankful for; the Good Book says so."

Hannah looked at her watch. "It's time for the kickoff now," she thought. Aloud she said, "I really must go now. Have a happy Thanksgiving."

She hurried out of the house, followed by the little boy. She noticed that it had already started snowing, and she smiled. She started the car and wound her way back to the nicer part of town. The little boy waved to her as she drove away.

When she got back to the stadium, she had to park several blocks away. "Oh, that makes me furious!" she thought, as she grabbed up her scarf and mittens and walked briskly towards the game. "I shouldn't have stayed at that awful house so long. Now I'm late. But I can hardly wait to get into the spirit of the day; I sure hope we win!"

SHE INTERRUPTS OFTEN

Roxana Mebane

She interrupts often
  And knows no better,
Disturbing genius
  With idle prattle.

But genius must listen
  Accepting prattle;
Her interruptions
  Make genius better.

Miss Brill

Inspired by Katherine Mansfield's "Miss Brill")

Jane Agsten

It was a lovely Sunday morning. Miss Brill looked out the window and thought what a pretty day it was. She stepped out of bed and began her usual morning procedure, except that that day she put on her black silk dress with lace instead of a clean cotton print. She liked to go to church. It was a real outing for her. Eagerly she anticipated seeing some of her friends. She wondered how Henrietta's new grandson was and if that Davis child would make such a disturbance again. And the choir–she had never heard such heavenly music as their anthem last Sunday.

Miss Brill put on her straw hat with the rose on it and closed the door of the little frame house behind her. It must have rained during the night, for water had settled in the uneven places in the pavement. The morning sun sparkled and danced in the puddles. Miss Brill felt glad to be alive.

The church bell rang, and she quickened her pace. Car loads of families passed to and fro, going toward the different churches. There was a general stir in the air that morning. She reached the corner and stopped to let a car pass. She could see the church from there. She stood watching the people gather, and before she knew it, the car was almost past. But just as it was opposite her, the front tire hit a puddle and sprayed water on the front of her black silk dress with the white lace on it. The car kept on going. A little boy laughed.

For a moment Miss Brill watched the minister greeting his congregation. She gazed down at her mud-splotched dress and then turned away and walked slowly home. A tear dripped from the end of her nose. It caught the light of the sun for an instant and then disappeared into the morning dew.

La Belle Fille Du College Des Reines

(Inspired by Keats)

NANCY CHAPMAN

Oh, what can ail thee, College Joe?
You're standing there alone and pale.
The leaves are golden on the trees;
The team will soon be playing Yale.

Oh, what can ail thee, College Joe—
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The air is crisp, the sky is blue,
Reviews and tests are done.

I see your face—a deadly white;
And why is it so very wet?
It's all those 'burgers, cokes, and stuff—
Something you ate, I'll bet!

"I met a girl from Queens last week,
Quite beautiful—like Princess Grace.
Her hair was sweet with the fifth 'Chanel',
And hers a sun-kissed face.

"I gave to her my gold frat pin,
My lettered shirt which matched her eyes.
She looked at me as she did love
And whispered Southern sighs.

"I took her riding in my car,
And nothing else saw all the way;
For sideways would she sit and sing
A song like Doris Day.

"She baked me cakes, my favorite pie,
And steaks on charcoal broiled.
And softly whispered, 'I love you';
Nothing our joy then spoiled.

"She took me to her sorority house,
And there she wept and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild blue eyes
With kisses four.

"I dreamed that night, when stars were out,
An awful dream—I tell you true.
I moaned, and tossed, and sobbed, and groaned;
My roommate knew not what to do.

"I saw pale boys—all athletes too—
A fullback, guard, and left-end sad.
They cried—'The girl from Queens
Has got you in her clutches, lad!'

"When I awoke, my hands did shake;
I rushed down to the phone.
My poor heart broke, as I was told,
With Jim to UNC she'd gone.

"And that is why I'm standing here,
So haggard and so pale.
What care I if the leaves are gold,
Or if the team is playing Yale?"

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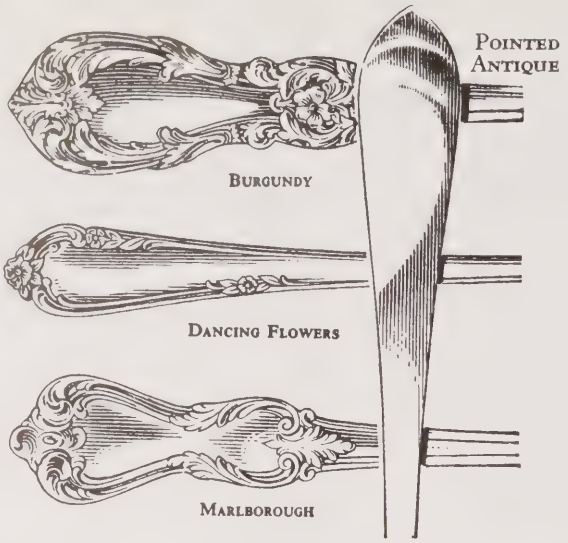
THE MAIDEN

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

My maiden world
wore an amethyst gown.
I sat alone
in the glow of her—

And saw the great pearl drops
bend the sapphire leaves
and grass blades
of her gown's hem,
And saw cloud whisps of her hair
against turquoise sky.

And saw my maiden world
in her amethyst gown
Meet her onyx warrior of the night.



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INDIAN SUMMER

ANN FREEMAN

According to *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, Indian summer is "a period of warm weather in late autumn or early winter." But how much more is there to the meaning of Indian summer?

As autumn slowly edges the summer out, the trees don their new dresses of scarlet and yellow. A few leaves turn brown and fall to the ground.

Then a ghost of June passes through the land once more, taking one last look before settling down for the winter, tending to the few chores she left undone. She sends her warm beams through the trees to make playful patterns on the ground. Her return brings a host of memories, a desire to return to the happy, carefree days of summer.

We take one last walk as we used to do in the summer, but this time there is a smell of fall in the air. Summer is only back for a brief visit.

Remember the day last year when we decided that with the return of summer should come the return of summer's fun? We drove out to the lake and went swimming amid the fallen leaves. The swim was refreshing, but it is needless to say that we won't ever go swimming in November again. Remember how wonderful it was to sit and watch the warm sun slowly fade on the lake? With the coming of night, the wind began to nip at us and seemed to remind us that it was time to go home and prepare for winter.

Indian summer has always seemed a sad time of year to me. It is the remembrance of things past, of opportunities missed, of happiness that will never be quite the same. It brings a far-away, remembering look to the young housewife and mother, a look of dread to the old man who knows that he has seen his last summer.

To us it brings what? We sit gazing out of the window at the falling leaves, remembering the happy times of the past. But the times of the past are not the only thoughts passing through our minds; the unknown future looms before us. There come many questions that can only be answered with the passing of more and more of these beautifully sad Indian summers.

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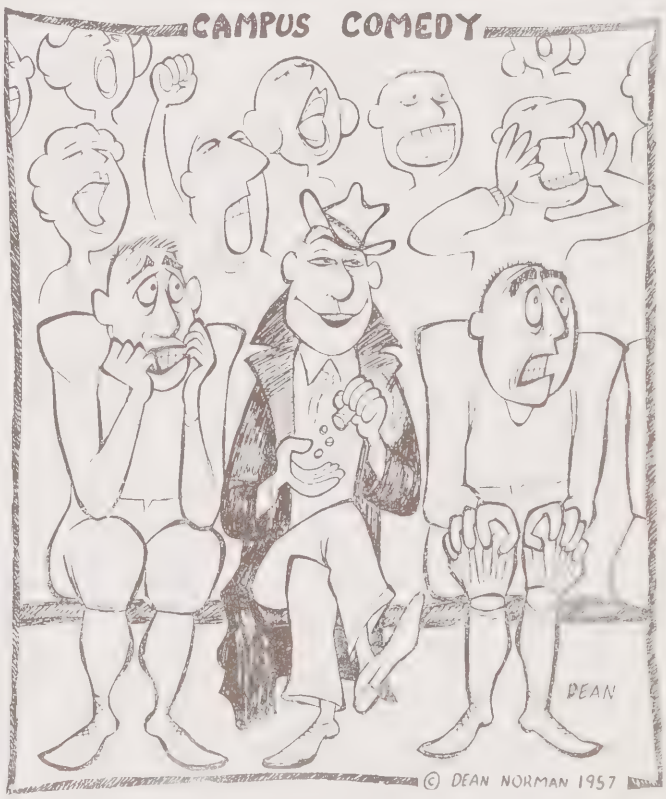

"Don't worry about the outcome, boys. Just be tranquil.

ESCAPE FROM REALITY

Harriett Lipford

The motor droned lazily as the tiny yacht glided slowly over the waves. The fishing lines hung over the side, and the tackle bobbed and made little splashing noises as it tried in vain to overtake the moving vessel. Otherwise, everything was silent. The two young couples, who only a few minutes before had gulped down seasick pills and noisily set out on their adventure, were now silent as if awed by the surrounding beauty. The quietness and loveliness of the early May morning made them feel as if they had found an escape from reality. Here away from the hustle and bustle of everyday existence, talking was unnecessary and out of place.

Even more important than the silence of the early morning was the magnificence of the view from the deck. First they noticed the clearness and the reflected green depths of the ocean. Then, glancing at the horizon, they could hardly see where the blue water ended and the blue sky began.

As the boat circled, they could see the small seaport town that had just begun to awaken. From the distance the town appeared to be composed of doll houses which seemed to be inhabited by animated toys. In front of the town stretched an expanse of white sand that sparkled in the brilliant rays of the sun.

Next, as the boat continued its slow circling, they could see a minute, uninhabited island. The island was completely covered with luxurious, verdant growth. It seemed to beckon to them to come and enjoy its coolness and shade.

But still the movement of the vessel continued. This time it revealed at a great distance three fishing crafts with their sails unfurled. The fishing boats looked as if they were models that had been taken from some old skipper's bottle and set far out on the sea.

The sun beat down warmly. Hours had passed; the journey was almost at an end. Still no one spoke, for each wanted to hold on to the experience for as long as possible. Soon they would return again to the busy, noisy life on the shore; but they would not forget the early May morning when for a little while they had escaped from reality.

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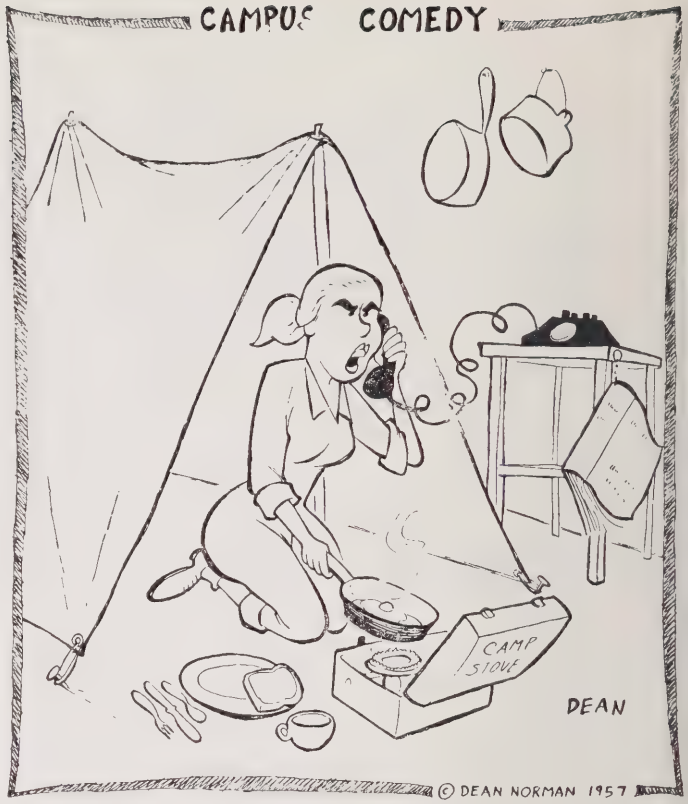

". . . and I suppose you think I've camped by the phone all week just waiting for you to call!"

MIDNIGHT

Mary Allred

A few trees stood black against the sky,
All the others faded into a dim blue-gray
  As though painted there against the heaven
  With a great brush led by a master hand.
Beneath black trees black shadows lay.

All, all else was silver—
  The heavens bathed in liquid silver,
  A mist hung low and silver on the earth,
  Silver highlights gleamed on every leaf and fruit
    And danced between the shadows.

One white star forced its light through the silver curtain.

And beauty filled the earth—
  Beauty filled the heart,
  Beauty pained the soul,
  Beauty touched the willing cords within,
    A cry escaped them:
    Oh, *where* is he?

THE MOB

Laura Prince

There they run, the sightless ones;
There they run, the narrow ones,
Mobbing together,
Conscious personalities vanished.
Their primitive motives when
They band together
Are contagious, are contagious.

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
But words will never hurt me.

Those who are before them
Are given the sign—the scorching, seething sign,
And forget not—never—ever remembering
The hypnotic stage, the suggestions,
The impulsive, unpremeditated acts of violence,
Pouring from the depthless ones, the mob!

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
But words will never hurt me.

Between the heart
And the head
Lies the color;
Between the thought
And the reason
Falls the scorn.

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
But words

Words, words—time is very cruel!

Mary Allred

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

It was the last day of school. The yellow sunshine danced across the desk in front of Miss Spring. Doing gay pirouettes, it tumbled off the desktop and into the room, brushed the tips of thirty restless, well-combed heads. Miss Spring's eyes gazed through the sunlight without seeing it; they passed slowly over every eager face in the room. This was for her the *real* last day of school. All these children—youngsters with brown hair, blond hair, ringlets, pigtails, crew cuts, eyes of every shade and with every expression—these children wriggling with impatience were symbols of all the young people she had ever taught. Suddenly there seemed to be a mist over the room. Strange, she had never had trouble with her eyes before. But then, she was getting old. The school board said she was; so it must be true. Miss Spring herself had never really thought about getting old; she felt no different inside from the way she had always felt.

She had always loved teaching. There were no dull moments in her job. Every day a panorama of individual lives, individual dramas, individual crises was spread before her eyes. Every day she felt the ache of some little heart or the joy of another. And every day she felt a thrill at seeing even a fleeting expression which unconsciously said, "Oh, I see! I've learned something; you've taught me something today, Miss Spring!"

In activity periods and recess hours she had loved to sit quietly and watch the personal dramas of the children's lives and developments. The world of the classroom became for her a huge stage on which hundreds of plays were acted out by hundreds of youthful players. She loved to watch the scenes—watch them until her role as spectator was spoiled by glances darted her way or by phrases and giggles which fell on her ear. "Uh-oh, she's watching us."

"Sh-h-h-h . . ."

"Grandma Spring's got 'er eye on us again!"

Little flashes of heat would creep up her face, and a small pain would throb each time this happened. But then she would smile—children would be children; after all, they never meant these little remarks. They were probably just afraid of being scolded for talking too loudly.

The bell jarred Miss Spring from her thoughts. Rising, she ushered the thirty impatient children into the auditorium with gentle firmness that resulted in a minimum of confusion—a minimum for the last day of school, at least. In a few minutes they were all seated in rows D through F on the right side of the auditorium—the same rows Miss Spring's classes had occupied for the twenty-five years since the school was built. As the custom had become, Miss Spring sat in the end seat of the F row. She took her time in seating herself; half unconsciously she caressed the arms of the familiar old seat. Then, seated, she let her eyes linger again on each of her pupils. Today she did not nudge Janie for giggling; she did not scold

Jimmy for pulling Susie's pigtails; and breaking a custom of fifty-three teaching years, she let Charlie whack his gum to his heart's content.

Slowly her eyes circled the great room; they missed no familiar detail; they forgot no corner. Her mind was strangely blank: a forecast of the emptiness of the long, long days ahead. Her heart was rather numb, except for that chilly ache down inside. Her moving eyes saw her fellow teachers all sitting with their classes: young Mr. Frix with his strange new methods, despotic Mr. James, busy and business-like Mrs. Hubbard, and dear, quiet Miss Thompson who had only one more year to teach before the school board would say, "You're too old now, too." Poor Miss Thompson! What would she do during the long, slow days that would follow next year? How drab her life would be without the bright, multi-colored experiences of teaching! Vaguely a heavy, deep emotion stirred beneath Miss Spring's thoughts about her colleague; but she did not consciously hear the voice of the feeling say, "And you, Miss Spring?"

Mercy! She must come back to her right senses. The commencement program was almost over. All the while that she had been letting her mind wander so, she had mechanically led her charges to the front to get their certificates of promotion and to recite the poems they had memorized. Now they were back in rows D through F while the principal's voice droned on from this award to that one. All this had been accomplished without any conscious thought; goodness, it just went to show what fifty-three years of habit would do.

And fifty-three years of habit brought Miss Spring back to consciousness, forced her to pay attention to the program. After all, she expected that much of her students. ". . . wish to show our love and gratitude to a person who has rendered invaluable service to our school in her gentle, firm, efficient ways, in her interest in all of us . . ." That was the principal's voice. Miss Spring's mind began to wander again. Was Miss Thompson retiring *this* year, then? She must be, after all. Dear Molly Thompson, she *had* been invaluable; she deserved gifts of gold for all she had done and meant to those around her. Miss Spring smiled. Molly would be so surprised to hear her name called. The principal's voice blared on, "Would *Miss Spring* please come forward!" Goodness! she *was* getting old; she thought she had heard her name called. She started: her name was called again! Thunderous applause was filling the air.

Slowly, dazedly, Miss Spring rose and started down the aisle, while her own thirty pupils grinned and clapped especially hard. Suddenly Miss Spring smiled. She still did not understand everything, but an amusing thought had come to her: for a few minutes, for some strange reason she was being given the major role in a drama. A warm pleased feeling replaced the chilly ache inside her. She mounted the steps to the stage. The principal spoke to her: "Miss Spring, we are all going to miss you more than we can tell you. You have made our school a better place by being here, and all of us are sad to see you go. Every one has voted on and bought for you this remembrance a small part of the debt we owe you."

Somehow she had managed to utter a few words of breathless thanks. Now she approached her seat at the end of F row. Surely that wasn't—but it was—Charlie chewing gum! She had never allowed any of her classroom actors to do that. She attended to the matter; then she sat down in her old seat. Wasn't the yellow sunlight gay and warm streaming through the windows and gliding over their heads?

BORROWED COLOR

Mary Brooks Yarborough

There is a yellow morning flush
around me.
The celestial sun whirls imperceptibly
'mid blues and whites and grays
above me.

Where are the colors in my thoughts?
No color—only movements, words, sounds—
Where are the colors?
Around me.

I sit amid all color in the
yellow morning glow.

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Featuring the newest in College Fashions
for the Smart Collegian.

The Fur Piece

Mary Anne Carmichael

Miss Birch walked slowly down the steaming pavement, holding her faded umbrella first to the right, then to the left in an effort to make a shadow to cover her damp face. It was an extremely hot day for September, and Miss Birch wished violently that she had postponed her trip to the bakery. But she had to use her coupon that day, or the two big jelly buns would not be free. The coupon was good for Wednesdays only.

The heat gave Miss Birch an excuse to pause beneath the awnings of the three little shops on the corner. Next to sitting in the park this was her favorite pastime. For, while a rumpled handkerchief absorbed the dampness beneath her chin, Miss Birch had a chance to peer unobserved into the window and ponder over the wondrous articles there.

The window of the pottery shop was filled with plates, bowls, and tea cups of all imaginable sizes and shapes. Miss Birch dreamily eyed the tiny blue rose vase until the shop manager stepped to the door and asked, "Is there anything I can take out of the window for you? Step right in . . ."

"Oh, no thank you. I-I was just passing." And Miss Birch shifted her umbrella and crossed the narrow alley to the next store. This was the pet shop—Miss Birch's favorite. The lovebirds seemed to be unusually noisy when she was around, and the big yellow cat was almost close enough to scratch. Miss Birch tapped her umbrella against the glass to get the parrot's attention. She waited eagerly for him to give a cheerful word of greeting, but the only greeting she got was from a rather huffy shopkeeper who shook a very long finger and seemed quite upset by Miss Birch's gentle tapping on the window. Oh, if she could only have one of those soft little kittens, her life wouldn't be so lonely. If only she had a . . .

The sound of hammers interrupted Miss Birch's thoughts. The disturbance was coming from the dress shop next door. The little old lady moved on to investigate. Why, what had happened to the dress shop? The windows were covered with newspaper, and the door was not even on its hinges. Closer glances revealed to Miss Birch that the shop was entirely empty except for two workmen and a few bare cabinets. Miss Birch, quite frustrated with the heat, stepped cautiously inside to seek the shade and news of what had happened to all of those lovely print dresses that she had envied.

"Pardon me, sir, but could you tell me what happened to the dress shop?"

"Lady, don't scare me like that. What? Oh, the shop? Yeh, I know—they moved."

"But won't they come back? Why, they can't go away. What's going to be here? Why, it might be a terrible shop—fertilizer or something."

"Lady, can't you see I'm busy? No, they ain't coming back, and I don't know where they went. Now, if you'll please move, I'll get back to work."

"Please. I'll move. Just don't be gruff." And Miss Birch turned and started to the door, only to retrace her steps a moment later.

"Sir, what is that in the corner? It looks like an animal. Should it be here in all of this noise? I just know it is frightened to death."

"Lady, you still here? No, I don't see nothing in the corner. Oh, that old thing? Nah, that ain't an animal—just something those shop people didn't take when they left. Told us to clear out the store."

"But, sir, look. It's a little brown fur piece. Those people just couldn't have left such a nice, sweet little thing."

"Yeh, lady. They said for us to get rid of anything that was left. Ain't nothing but the carcass of a mangy looking fox."

"Sir, if you-you don't want that, do-do you suppose I might h-have it?"

"Lady, you want that ratty looking animal? O.K. Go ahead. But-oh, never mind. Sure, take it, but just get a move on."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir. I'll always remember your kindness. Thank you. Good-bye now."

Miss Birch, a smile on her wrinkled cheek, stepped back into the intense heat. Hesitantly she grinned at her prize; and after looking to see if anyone was watching, she slipped the little brown fur around her shoulders. With a lighter step, she headed for the bakery, quite oblivious of the stares which followed her. Now Miss Birch had something precious she could keep; now she was happy. Even the baker could not entirely dampen her joy when he involuntarily exclaimed, "Why, Miss Birch, what on earth are you doing with that furry fox tail in this scorching weather?" Miss Birch only smiled.

Peace and the Storm

Mary Allred

It rains—and the drops of silver
Splash wet against the night;
It rains—and golden scissors
Slash skies in their downward flight.

It rains—and the night's soaked curtain
Hangs with the weight of lead.
It rains while drums of thunder
Roll their drumbeats overhead.

It storms—and the world's great passion
Is given full release,
And here—here, I watch the drama
From my place of warmth and peace.

YOU DID NOT COME TODAY

You did not come today—
I waited,
And made excuses to go often to the road;
But you did not come.
I wondered—
There surely must have been a reason
That you did not come.
I hoped
So strongly—you must have felt my hope,
Though you did not come.

YOU SENT A GIFT

You sent a gift—
Did you come with it?
I shall think so
Though I won't know.

Never tell me
How much of you came with it;
Let me read the meaning,
Then I'll interpret—all.

From Seven Forty-nine to Eight Thirty-five

HELEN BALTZELL

As the weary Erie grinds to a jerky halt and her never-ending stream of Jersey commuters disembark, I, with my *Daily News* tucked firmly under my arm, give one last thought to my soft bed at home and grit my teeth against the stream of people carrying me through the Hoboken Station.

At the sound of the ferry whistle I quicken my pace and head toward the dock, my face composed in the typical look of complete boredom and apathy for all humanity. The clang of the gates and the sound of swirling water are the only clues that the ferry is under way.

I slowly push my way to the front deck. The smell of the salt water and the fresh sea air are like a slap in the face, and I slowly awaken to the pulse of life around me. The toot of a tugboat whistle takes my attention to the harbor where an ocean liner is heading for sea under the kindly contemplation of her ladyship, the Statue of Liberty.

As my eyes turn northward again, I cannot help gasping in wonder and awe. There before me is the world's greatest city, her skyscrapers reaching for the heavens. Now I am fully aware of all that is around me. I am pleased and proud that I am at least a part of this wonderful confusion.

As the ferry slides quietly into her berth, I again clutch my paper and disembark but this time with anticipation. I have before me a day of opportunity and excitement, another day in New York City.

MY WAY

MARY BROOKS YARBOROUGH

They have said to me that no person
is alone.
Yet they have said to me that every man
is different.
I want to give to you, my friend,
the fruit of my difference; yet
I do not want to be alone,
I am afraid of loneliness.

But how can I give of myself if I am not
an individual?
How can I offer anything to those around me
if I am not myself? yet
I do not want to be alone,
I am afraid of loneliness.

So I try not to be alone. But
each time I try to tell you who I am—
each time I try to give you my thoughts—
You do not understand.
And I cannot blame you; you are in your sphere;
I am in mine.
And each time I try to escape, I am shattered.
There is nothing of me.

So I will stay in my sphere.
I will not presume upon you again.
I will give of myself without aid.
I will do it alone—that must be my way.